ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

ANECDOTES OF THE LAWYER, POLITICIAN AND PRESIDENT.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS BY JUDGE WELDON.

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In the summer of 1854 I became a citizen of De Witt County, Ill., having emigrated from Ohio for the purpose of practising law. At that time I knew something of Mr. Lincoln's history, having known of him while he was a member of Congress a few years before. I found he had a very strong hold upon popular affection; and stood high in the confidence of the people of the State. He was the leader of the bar, Judge Logan having substantially retired from the active practice; and although he was but forty-five, he was alluded to in popular parlance as "old Mr. Lincoln"; and in that connection I recall an incident occurring while he was a candidate for the Senate against Judge Douglas in 1858. He delivered a speech at Clinton, and as we were riding in the "inevitable procession" of American politics, the "small boy" of the period said to one of his companions: "There, there goes old Mr. Lincoln." This was said in a tone to be heard by the immediate company, and Mr. Lincoln was asked how long they had been calling him old. Said he, "Oh, they have been at that trick many years. They commenced it when I was scarcely thirty." It seemed to amuse him, he was not old enough to be sensitive about his age. The first time I met him, was in September, 1854, at Bloomington; and I was introduced to him by Judge Douglas, who was then making a campaign in defence of the Kansas-Nebraska bill. Mr. Lincoln was attending Court, and called to see the Judge. They talked very pleasantly about old times, and things; and during the conversation the Judge broadened the hospitalities of the occasion by asking him to drink something. Mr. Lincoln declined very politely, when the Judge said: "Why, do you belong to the temperance society?" He said: "I *do not* in theory, but I do in fact, belong to the temperance society, in this, to wit, that I do not drink anything and have not done so for a very many years." Shortly after he retired Mr. J. W. Fell, then, and now, a leading citizen of Illinois, came into the room, with a proposition that Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Douglas have a discussion, remarking that there were a great many people in the city, that the question was of great public importance, and that it would afford the crowd the luxury of listening to the acknowledged champions of both sides. As soon as the proposition was made it could be seen that the Judge was irritated. He inquired of Mr. Fell with some majesty of manner: "Whom does Mr. Lincoln represent in this campaign; is he an Abolitionist or an Old Line Whig?" Mr. Fell replied that he was an Old Line Whig. "Yes," said Douglas, "I am now in the region of the Old Line Whig. When I am in Northern Illinois, I am assailed by an Abolitionist, when I get to the centre I am attacked by an Old Line Whig, and when I go to Southern Illinois I am beset by an Anti-Nebraska Democrat. I can't hold the Whig responsible for anything the Abolitionist says, and can't hold the Anti-Nebraska Democrat responsible for the positions of either. It looks to me like dogging a man all over the State. If Mr. Lincoln wants to make a speech, he had better get a crowd of his own; and I most respectfully decline to hold a discussion." Mr. Lincoln had nothing to do with the challenge except perhaps to say he would discuss the question with Judge Douglas. He was not aggressive in the defence of his doctrines or enunciation of his opinions; but he was brave and fearless in the protection of what he believed to be the right. The impression he made when I was introduced was, as to his unaffected and sincere manner, the precise, cautious, and accurate mode in which he stated his thoughts even when talking about commonplace things.

In 1854 and down to the commencement of the war the circuit practice in Illinois was still in vogue and the itinerant lawyer was as sure to come as the trees to bud, or the leaves to fall. In and among these Mr. Lincoln was the star; he stood above and beyond them all. He travelled the circuit attending the courts of Judge David Davis's district, extending from the centre to the eastern boundary of the State, until he was nominated for the Presidency. He liked the atmosphere of a court house, and seemed to be contented and happy when Judge Davis was on the bench, and he had before him the "twelve good and lawful men" who had been called from the body of the county to "well and truly try the issue." In every county in which he practised he was among his friends and acquaintances; he usually knew the most, and always the leading men on the jury. He was not what might be called an industrious lawyer, and when his adversary presented a reasonably good affidavit for a continuance, he was willing that the case should go over until the next term. He was particularly kind to young lawyers, and I remember with what confidence I always went to him, because I was certain that he knew all about the matter, and would most cheerfully tell me. I can see him now through the decaying memories of thirty years, standing in the corner of the old court-room, and as I approached him with a paper I did not understand, he said: "Wait until I fix this plug for my 'gallis' and I will pitch into that like a dog at a root." While speaking he was busily engaged in trying to connect his suspender with his trousers by making a "plug" perform the function of a button. Mr. Lincoln used old-fashioned words, and never failed to use them if they could be sustained as proper. He was probably taught to say "gallows" and he never adopted the modern "suspender."

In the convulsions of nations, how rapidly history makes itself. Mr. Lincoln was the attorney of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, to assist the local counsel in the different counties of the circuit; and in De Witt County, in connection with the Hon. C. H. Moore, attended to the litigation of the company. In '58 or '59 he appeared in a case which they did not want to try at that term; and Mr. Lincoln remarked to the Court: "We are not ready for trial." Judge Davis said: "Why is not the company ready to go to trial?" Mr. L. replied: "We are embarrassed by the absence or rather want of information from Captain McClellan." The Judge said: "Who is Captain McClellan and why is he not here?" Mr. Lincoln said: "All I know of him is that he is the engineer of the railroad, and why he is not here this deponent saith not." In consequence of the absence of Captain McClellan the case was continued. Lincoln and McClellan had perhaps never met up to that time, and the most they knew of each other was, that one was the attorney and the other the engineer of the Illinois Central Railroad Company. In less than two years from that time the fame of both had spread as broad as civilization, and each held in his grasp the fate of a nation. The lawyer was directing councils and cabinets, and the engineer in subordination to the lawyer as commander-in-chief was directing armies greater and grander than the combined forces of Wellington and Napoleon at Waterloo.

The Kansas-Nebraska bill having been passed in May, 1854, great political excitement prevailed in Illinois because of the connection of Senator Douglas with that measure. Mr. Douglas and Mr. Lincoln had been political antagonists as Whigs and Democrats; and when the Republican party was formed in 1854 that antagonism continued, Mr. Douglas adhering to the Democratic party and Mr. Lincoln becoming the leader of the Republican party in Illinois. In 1858, during the campaign preceding the election of Senator, Mr. Lincoln made a speech at Springfield on the 17th of June, in which he charged a purpose on the part of Mr. Douglas, Mr. Buchanan and Judge Taney to nationalize slavery. That speech is one of the most remarkable that he ever delivered; and the one in which he used the expression, "a house divided against itself cannot stand." Mr. Douglas came to Illinois upon the adjournment of the Senate and made a speech in Chicago, in which he did not take occasion to contradict the charge made in Mr. Lincoln's Springfield speech. Mr. Lincoln then made another speech at Springfield, in which he noticed the fact that he made the charge referred to on the 17th of June; that Mr. Douglas had since then made a speech in Chicago, and did not deny it; and, said he in his second Springfield speech: "I am entitled to what the lawyers call a default, and I here take the default on him on that charge, he having refused and failed to answer."

Some time in the latter part of July Mr. Douglas began his regular campaign in De Witt, that being a strong Buchanan county; Colonel Thomas Snell having organized the Danite party there, in opposition to Mr. Douglas. We wrote Mr. Lincoln that inasmuch as Mr. Douglas was to begin his regular campaign there, he had better come and hear him; and on the morning of the day the meeting was held Mr. Lincoln came to Clinton. There was an immense crowd for a country town, and the people were very much excited upon the subject of politics. On the way to the grove Mr. Lincoln said: "I have challenged Judge Douglas for a discussion what do you think of it?" I said: "The question is already settled, but I approve your judgment in whatever you may do." Mr. Douglas spoke to an immense audience and made one of the most forcible political speeches I ever heard. He spoke over three hours, in the course of which he took occasion to reply to Mr. Lincoln's Springfield speech, with reference to the "default" which he said Mr. Lincoln in his second speech had sought to make against him. As he progressed in his argument he became very personal, and I said to Mr. Lincoln: "Do you suppose Douglas knows you are here?" "Well," said he, "I don't know whether he does or not, he has not looked around in this direction; but I reckon the boys have told him I am here." When Judge Douglas finished there was a great shout for Mr. Lincoln. He stepped on the seat very much excited and said: "This is Judge Douglas's meeting. I have no right and therefore no disposition to interfere, but if you ladies and gentlemen desire to hear what I have to say on these questions, and will meet me to-night at the Court House yard, *I will try* and answer the gentleman." Mr. Douglas was in the act of putting on his cravat, and turned in the direction of Mr. Lincoln. Both became poised in a tableau of majestic power. The scene exhibited a meeting of giants, a contest of great men, and the situation was dramatic in the extreme. Lincoln made a speech that night which in volume and force did not equal the speech of Judge Douglas; but for sound and cogent argument it was superior. Negro equality was then the bugbear of politics, and the Republican party was defending itself against the charges to the extent as made by the Democracy. Mr. Lincoln said in his speech: "Judge Douglas charges me with being in favor of negro equality and to the extent that he charges I am not guilty. *I am guilty* of hating servitude and loving freedom; and while I would not carry the equality of the races to the extent charged by my adversary, I am happy to confess before you that in some things the black man is the equal of the white man. In the right to eat the bread his own hands have earned he is the equal of Judge Douglas or any other living man." When he spoke the last sentence he had stretched himself to his full height, and as he reached his hands toward the stars of that still night then and there fell from his lips one of the grandest expressions of American statesmanship. After the meeting his friends congratulated him especially on the beauty of the thought in the last sentence of the quotation. He said: "Do you think that is fine?" and when assured that it was he laughingly said, "If you think so, I will get that off again." Mr. Douglas having received a challenge from Mr. Lincoln, replied to him in a few days and the memorable discussion was the result.

In May, 1860, a State Convention was held at Decatur to appoint delegates to Chicago. Mr. Lincoln was there; and at that convention was inaugurated by Governor Oglesby the rail movement. He had formerly lived in that county, and had worked on a farm with Mr. John Hanks, who was still living, and it occurred to the Governor, in conversation with Mr. Hanks, that if they could get some of the rails that Lincoln and Hanks split, it would be a good thing for the campaign; and so on the day of the convention Oglesby arranged that just at the close of the business of the convention, Mr. Hanks should march in with one of these rails on his shoulder, which he did; and as Mr. Lincoln rose to speak his attention was called to the rail. He said: "Fellow-citizens, it is true that many, many years ago John Hanks and I made rails down on the Sangamon. We made good, big, honest rails, but whether that is one of the rails I am not, at this distant period of time, able to say." That inaugurated the rail movement. He closed his reference to the rails with a eulogy on free labor, embracing the finest thought of his theory upon that subject. At that convention the question was asked him whether he would attend the Chicago Convention, and he replied: "I am a little too much of a candidate to go, and not quite enough of a candidate to stay away; but upon the whole I believe I will not go."

Mr. Lincoln took no public part in the campaign of 1860. He attended one political meeting, but declined to speak. On the day appointed by law the Republican electors met at Springfield and were entertained at dinner by Mr. J. C. Conkling, the elector for that district. Mr. Lincoln was there as one of the guests, and talked freely but sadly as to the condition of things incident to his election. Governor Yates, who had been elected Governor, was of the party, and expressed to him the necessity of being firm and determined. He replied that he hoped he would be adequate to the responsibility of the situation; and that in his hands, as President, the Republic of Washington would not perish. How much work he did at Springfield in the preparation of his inaugural was not known by his most intimate friends. He may have consulted some of the members of his Cabinet who visited him before he left for Washington, but beyond them he kept his own counsel. That fact illustrates one of the distinguishing features of his character. As to the ordinary affairs of life he was indifferent, he listened to anybody, but when the highest and most important functions of duty were called into requisition, he was one of the most self-reliant men of history. As President of the United States he was indifferent as to who was Minister to the Court of St. James or Postmaster at New-York; Councils and Cabinets might decide such questions, but when the question arose whether liberty was to be given to all, in the solitude of his unmeasured genius the problem was solved. He was advised long before 1860 by some of his more intimate friends that his positions on the subject of slavery and human rights would be prejudicial to his party and to himself personally. He paid no attention to such admonitions. The question with him was whether the thing was right and not what his friends may have thought about the expediency of it.

With all the jollity of his every-day life, in all but the surface indications of his character he was sad and serious. The poem which he so often quoted, "Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" was a reflex in poetic form of the deep melancholy of his soul. I have heard him as he sat by the decaying embers of an old-fashioned fireplace, when the day's merriment and business were over, and the night's stillness had assumed dominion, quote at length his favorite poem.

Another story is told illustrative of Mr. Lincoln's ability to relieve the embarrassment of his situation as President by a master stroke of wit. In 1862 the people of New-York City were apprehensive of a bombardment by some of the Confederate cruisers; public meetings were held to express the gravity of the situation, and to induce the Government to do something by way of permanently protecting the city. In consummation of that purpose a delegation of fifty gentlemen representing in their own right $100,000,000 was selected to visit Washington and have an interview with the President, and induce him to detail a gunboat to protect the city. The committee requested a gentleman then staying at Washington to arrange with the President a time when he could see them. Mr. Lincoln seemed to be much puzzled what to say or do, and remarked to the gentleman who was arranging as to the interview: "I have no gunboats or ships of war that can be spared from active service; but inasmuch as they have come to see me, I shall have to see them and get along as best I can." The committee called at the appointed time, and were introduced as gentlemen "representing $100,000,000 in their own right." The chairman of the delegation made a very earnest appeal to the President for protection, and remarked that they represented the wealth of the city. "One hundred millions in their own right." Mr. Lincoln heard them attentively, evidently impressed with the "hundred millions," and replied as follows: "Gentlemen, I am by the Constitution commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States; and as a matter of law I can order anything done that is practicable to be done; but as a matter of fact I am not in command of the gunboats or ships of war; as a matter of fact I do not know exactly where they are, but presume they are actively engaged. It is impossible for me in the condition of things to furnish you a gunboat. The credit of the Government is at a very low ebb. Greenbacks are not worth more than 40 or 50 cents on the dollar, and in this condition of things if I was worth half as much as you gentlemen are represented to be, and as badly frightened as you seem to be, I would build a gunboat and give it to the Government." The gentleman who accompanied the delegation says he never saw one hundred millions sink to such insignificant proportions as the committee recrossed the threshold of the White House, sadder but wiser men. They had learned that money as well as muscle was a factor of war.

LAWRENCE WELDON.

After the battle of Denain, in which he had lost an arm, one of Marshal Villars' bravest officers presented a petition to Louis the Fourteenth, soliciting a pension by way of recompense for his services. The King took the paper, and, according to his wont, replied that he would see about it. "Sire," objected the officer, "if, instead of attacking your Majesty's enemies at the head of my company, I had contented myself with 'seeing about it,' I should still have my arm."

THE NEW PEERAGES.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE REASONS FOR GIVING, ACCEPTING, AND DECLINING THEM.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

LONDON, July 2.

The new Peerages and other honors bestowed by the departing Government on its supporters are perhaps less numerous than was expected. Some have been refused. Mr. Gladstone set the example by declining the Earldom which the Queen offered him. It was fitting that the Queen should offer it; still more fitting that Mr. Gladstone should decline it. Mr. Trevelyan has expressed the general feeling. It is not for Mr. Gladstone to go up to the Lords. It is for the Lords to come down to him; as they often have. The Paper Duty, says Mr. Trevelyan, the Irish Church Bill, both the Irish Land Bills, the Abolition of Purchase in the Army, the establishment of Household Suffrage in the Counties, these are, if the most conspicuous, only a few out of the many instances in which the Lords came down to Mr. Gladstone; and sometimes came down with a run, and at this time of day few people desire that he should reverse the process. To accept a Peerage, moreover, would be to abandon his leadership of the Liberals; perhaps to imperil his unequalled popularity. His present position recalls a celebrated saying of Gambetta. A friend remarked that he had no cross or decoration, not even the Legion of Honor. "*Non*," answered the great Frenchman, "*mais j'en donne*." So does Mr. Gladstone.

The Rothschild peerage is the one which is most talked about. If there are people who object to it, they are people who cling to old prejudices against the race to which Sir Nathaniel de Rothschild—to give him his old name once more—belongs. It must be admitted that there are such people, and some of them are to be found in the order which is now for the first time thrown open to a Jew. Their grumbling need not detain us. I don't doubt that Mr. Gladstone, though the strictest of Churchman, rejoiced in the offer he was able to make to the head of the Rothschilds all the more because of his alien faith. He is in such matters or at least in this matter a Liberal first and a Churchman afterward. Nobody disputes the fitness of this gift on personal grounds. Sir Nathaniel de Rothschild has been the chief of the house for some ten years. He inherited his English baronetcy from his uncle, Sir Anthony, who took it with special remainder in default of male issue to his nephews, the sons of Baron Lionel. The services rendered by the firm of Messrs N. M. Rothschild & Sons to the Government are matters of notoriety. The million sterling they advanced for Egypt is one of the latest, but perhaps the most remarkable. They lent it on the expression of a wish by the English Ministry, or rather by Lord Granville; in one more instance of the curious relations between the English and Egyptian Governments. The loan has not been paid off; was, indeed, renewed once more after the accession of the present Ministry.

Sir Nathaniel's father was the first Jew to sit in the House of Commons; the hero of that long contest which ended in the triumph of free principles over narrow bigotry. Events move rapidly in these days, yet it is not quite easy to convince one's self that less than thirty years ago a Jew could not sit in the House of Commons. The oath required was "on the true faith of a Christian." Baron Lionel omitted these words; the House decided the omission to be fatal to his claim. In 1858 a special resolution moved by Lord John Russell cancelled the obnoxious words. Eight years later came the law by which the oath for both Houses was made identical.

Sir Nathaniel himself is the official head, one may say, of the Jewish community. He is President of the United Synagogue and of the Jews' Free School. He has never withdrawn himself in any way or in the slightest degree from the fullest communion and association with his own people, nor made the least concession to the stale prejudice against his race and his faith. The Rothschilds are not of the ancient priestly lineage which counts for so much among the Jews. The place they fill they have conquered; not inherited. Perhaps that would not be their least recommendation to Americans. Another thing will recommend Sir Nathaniel de Rothschild to Americans. He was one of the few Englishmen who foresaw the triumph of the Union in the Civil War. At the moment when things looked blackest he invested the whole of his personal fortune in American securities. He was then a young man of twenty-three; his father alive; his position not even, I think, that of partner in the firm whose fortunes he has since directed and enlarged. With a just pride in his name, he takes no territorial designation, but will be known hereafter as Lord de Rothschild.

Mr. Edward Baring, whom Mr. Gladstone makes a Baron, is the head of Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co., a firm which, like the Rothschilds, has at times helped Governments through tight places. His is the third peerage in the family: the other two being those held by Earl Northbrook and Lord Ashburton. The business world of London rejoices in this recognition of its members; of, as the phrase goes here, city men; among all whom none stands higher than Mr. Edward Baring, henceforward to be called Lord Revelstoke.

Probably none of his creations pleased Mr. Gladstone more than that of Sir Ralph Lingen, who becomes a Peer; by what title seems not to be known. Sir Ralph Lingen's claim to distinction consists in his guardianship of the Treasury, of which he has been permanent secretary since 1869. Of the bureaucracy of permanent clerks who really govern this country he is perhaps the chief. The Treasury is supreme over everything except the House of Commons; grants and withholds money; supervises every expenditure; prevents much, limits what it does not prevent, and asserts in all sorts of ways the power of the purse, and of the purse-bearer. Sir Ralph Lingen is the impersonation of this system. Mr. Gladstone has been known to eulogize him as one of the greatest living benefactors of his country. He is a ferocious economist; parsimonious with public money; looking upon the chief of each spending department as a public enemy, against whom he defends the public treasury. Be his services greater or less, he has his reward.

Sir Robert Collier and Sir Arthur Hobhouse are made Peers in order to strengthen the legal side of the House of Lords. The former was Solicitor-General in the Alabama-Alexandra days, and proved his soundness as a lawyer by the views he took of the obligations of the British Government in respect of stopping the rebel corsairs and rams. He became Attorney-General in Mr. Gladstone's administration of 1868; three years later followed his appointment to the judicial committee of the Privy Council; a place worth $25,000 a year. This he still retains. The controversy over that appointment is not forgotten, though it turned wholly on technical points. Sir Robert is a lawyer of learning and ability, with a passion for landscape painting, and a exhibitor in the Royal Academy. Sir Arthur Hobhouse is a public-spirited Englishman who has long served his country in various high capacities, as Charity Commissioner, as legal member of the Indian Council, and finally as member of the judicial committee of the Privy Council; all without pay. Few men have done more or better work; and not a shilling of public money has ever gone into his pocket. His is one of those cases which might make the sourest socialist meditate on the incidental advantage to the public of allowing men to possess private fortunes. Such honor as he now receives comes to him in a shape which still brings no pay, and augments the expenses of life.

Mr. Samuel Morley was offered a Peerage and has respectfully asked leave to decline it. His tastes lie in other directions. In his case as in some others wealth was recognized as a title, or if not a title, a support to the dignity Mr. Gladstone wished to confer. Mr. Samuel Morley is what is called an eminent nonconformist; distinguished for religious and benevolent zeal, part proprietor of the London organ of Dissenting Liberalism; a great manufacturer; long a member of Parliament; and withal a shrewd man of business and of the world. His refusal of a peerage may pass for a fresh proof of both. For a peerage is neither to be accepted nor declined save on personal grounds and for special reasons.

The giving of Garters is understood to be a still more delicate matter than the bestowal of peerages. In both cases the pleasure of the Queen, who is the fountain of all honors, has to be taken, but she is more tenacious of her prerogative in granting the Garter than anything else; unless it be the entrée to the Palace or the right to drive down Constitution Hill. Three Garters have for some time been vacant; two of them are now given. The Marquis of Northampton takes one; the Earl of Sefton the other. Nobody complains of either except the aspirants who expected and are disappointed. I never heard of any reason why any man should want to be a Knight of the Garter except Lord Melbourne's, which is too hackneyed to quote; and perhaps this other, that there are so few of them. Nor does the mere commoner quite understand why the Earl of Breadalbane should care to become Marquis of Breadalbane. All one can say is that a step in the peerage is a thing coveted, and that the number of Marquises is very much smaller than the number of Earls. Earl Fife, a Scotchman with an Irish peerage of curious history, becomes Earl of Fife and of the United Kingdom. He now has the right to sit in the House of Lords by virtue of his Earldom instead of as Baron Skene. Some of his friends say he is less pleased than he ought to be with this mysterious new privilege; thinking that it looks as if the old arrangement were not good enough.

G. W. S.

SOME NOTED SINGERS.

CHAT ABOUT PATTI, RISTORI, PERUGINI, NEVADA AND LIND.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

PARIS, July 4.

Patti is giving the Marquis de Caux $100,000, in return for which he is to renounce his claim to the annuity which she has been paying him since he and she separated. He goes into society a good deal, but appears to do so more from habit and because he has no occupation than to amuse himself. I never saw any one who is so thoroughly a sharp, selfish, good-for-nothing loafer than this sprig of French nobility. He began his life of parasitism by quartering himself on his country as a hanger-on to the late Emperor, and when a revolution appeared to him imminent fastened upon Patti, who is a generous woman and would have grudged him nothing if he treated her according to her deserts. Wherever one sees the amiable but inane Comte de Lancaster—the neglected husband of the Countess of Cardigan—one is sure to fall in with M. de Caux. They were both cotillon leaders at the Tuileries. The Marquis does not any longer set up to be a beau. White hairs are not picked carefully from his head, whiskers and mustache, or dye applied to hide them. His eyes stand out with fatness and a fold of adipose flesh rises above his shirt-collar at the back of the neck. The chin is double and the whole air of the man gives one the idea of a sensualist. He is not extremely corpulent because he takes care to keep down excessive adiposity. But he is as prosaic as a horse-jockey and looks a "horsey" man. He is devoid of the redeeming quality of gallantry which is so strong in the Marquis de Gallifet and in the Comte de Lancaster, and often at soirees stands talking to chums with his feet wide apart and his hands in his pockets in the attitude of a man who is waiting with enforced patience in the wings of the theatre for the fall of the curtain. The more I see him the less I wonder at Patti casting him off for Nicolini. There is a report that a rich American widow has taken it into her head to marry him.

I have no doubt that Patti will be the rage when she appears at the new opera house in the scores of Italian composers. But she will not bring wealth to the managers. The probability is that they will not cover the expense of engaging her. The architectural part of the opera house drew when it was a novelty, and foreigners and country cousins wanted to see the stairs. It is now out of favor. The corridors are dark and low, and the saloon is too far from the boxes to be conveniently used as a promenade. Toilettes are not well in view even in the widest and most open boxes, and the general acoustic conditions are irremediably bad. If Patti's career was not drawing to a close she would be ill-advised to sing often at the new Paris Opera House. An exceptional organization, as well as a fine voice, is needed there. Flimsy voices are soon knocked to pieces and the vocal efforts to correct the want of sonority in the proscenium break down health. Madame Richard is blessed with an exceptionally fine physique, but even the velvet in her throat is losing its softness. Krauss was phenomenally strong, had genius, and in point of diction was the equal of Faure. She does not intend to sing any more at the French Opera.

I have often seen in the Parc Monceau and in the tram-car between the Madeleine and the Avenue de Villiers a man singularly like Machiavelli. He was frequently with another person or persons. His physiognomy and the wonderful beauty of his diction made me curious to know who he was. Though his French was faultless, and no trace of a foreign accent was to be detected in his speech, I thought he must be an Italian. It did not occur to me that he was an actor, and still less that he was an orator, but whatever he was I felt sure he was superior in his line. A few evenings ago I was at a dinner party given in compliment to the poet Minister of Roumania, and was after the company had left the dining room, asked by the lady of the house to stay to hear some very good singing. There were to be the comic singer Cléotis (whose spoken sings are rendered with the finest art and a touch of humor which never becomes farcical), and Ristori's brother. The latter was to give selections from "Il Barbiere" and other gay operas of Rossini. The moment he entered the room I recognized the person with the Machiavellian profile. I dare say he would have earned a wide world fame had he not been the brother of his illustrious sister. She drew attention from him when she was the first tragedienne in Europe, and he has now got to a time of life when fame is not to be conquered on the lyric stage, although all his vocal gifts are unimpaired, and his histrionic talents perfected by study and knowledge of mankind. Strictly speaking he is not a bouffe singer. But he renders in a way that is peculiarly his own the instinctive, irrepressible gayety of Rossini's lively scores. His *brio* is splendid. The voice having great volume, he can fill a room without roaring. In simple speech it is ear-enchanting and in light badinage enlivening as sunshine dancing in a room in early spring. I found his conversation delightful. Old Dumas used to hate musical people because he generally found them "idiots," and Victor Hugo thought them bores. Signor Ristori is highly and keenly intellectual. He is not here as a singer, but as a professor of Italian operatic diction, declamation and deportment. He teaches at the classes of Madame Marchesi and Madame Lagrange. The former lady was the professor of Madame Krauss at Vienna and of Emma Nevada. She left that city because its variable climate killed all her children save her daughter Blanche, whose intended marriage with Baron Popper, a wealthy Hungarian Jew, the Pope is relentless in refusing to bless.

Madame Marchesi is, apart from her artistic gifts and acquirements, a woman of great intellect and character. She is French on her mother's side, a cousin to Baron Haussmann, and was taught by the Garcias. Not long ago in a conversation she talked about the vocal endowments of different Nations. What she said I recommend English ladies to mark, learn, and inwardly digest. She placed Germans and Italians highest, Hungarians and Swedes very high, and Americans next to them. The English came last. Is it, I asked her, the language that is unfavorable to the emission of full sonorous tones? "I think not," she replied. "If it were, neither, the Americans nor the Irish, would have fine voices. There is great music in English poetry. English voices are poor and unmanageable because of the manner in which English children are made to talk, and particularly English girls. They must speak in undertones or very subdued tones, and they clip their words in uttering them—or as the French say *mangent leurs mots*. Their nurses and governesses also speak in subdued tones and clip so that the young ears are formed to that kind of articulation which emasculates speech and is death to all vocal art. It is ungenteel in England to speak out. The Irish, however, are hurried by their more impetuous dispositions into breaking the rule of genteel speech, and have voices. The lower one penetrates in Ireland, the finer one finds the voices, both in speaking and singing. In American schools girls speak up well and often. A large part of the course of education consists in recitations and explanations of the pupil, which, as they have to be reasoned out, are not delivered in sing-song tones."

Madame Marchesi finds fault with the haste of the Americans to become public singers. They think that six months drill is enough. She says three years assiduous study hardly suffices to obtain a complete mastery of the voice, to acquire easy gesticulation, a perfect diction, and to make all subservient to stage necessities.

The stage, being a very limited area, has laws and conventions of its own to which nature has to be made to fit. However, a good deal can be done with an American voice in six months. But it is next to impossible to do anything in a short time with an English girl who has been accustomed to speak in the diapason of her compatriots.

Madame Lagrange is forming for the lyric stage an American girl, Miss Parker, who is believed to have a great career before her. To see her is to be in sympathy with her. She has eyes soft, soulful and intelligent, and a charming contour. The figure, and indeed her whole person, is graceful and finely wrought. She is not conceited or self-conscious, but is simple and and in all respects in the truth. On Sundays, at the early and 3 o'clock p. m. services, Miss Parker sings in the American church in the Rue de Bayard, as Christine Nilsson used in the one in the Rue de Berri, before she was known to fame. I see that Perugini, who was such a favorite singer here last winter, has been asked to take part in the small concerts at Marlborough House, to which the inner circle of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and a few of the outer circle, are invited. This vocalist is American. His name is Chatterton. He won respect and many sincere friendships when he was in Paris by his amiable and many estimable qualities and the simplicity and purity of his private life. He is essentially a gentleman in the good old English sense, although he has no landed estate at his back; and he is an artist to the tips of his fingers. While a beau in point of good looks he, is no fop. Perugini not only sang in the best drawing-rooms here, but was admitted to the intimacy of most of the great families at whose houses he took part in concerts. He is intensely religious, and he has derived his creed from an Irish Catholic mother. His stage name I understand he borrows from a Portuguese grandmother of Jewish descent.

Miss Emma Nevada is in Europe again. I had some conversation recently about her with her former professor, Madame Marchesi, who thinks her as a light soprano the first of our time and almost on a line with Jenny Lind. An old admirer of the latter, to whom I repeated what Madame Marchesi said, does not admit the parallel. He says that Jenny Lind had a voice which was unlike in quality every other that he heard, and that the same may be said of Emma Nevada's. Jenny Lind's *notes filées* or drawn out high notes were incomparable, not only for their delicacy but their volume. They were nearer to the carol of the lark when that bird revels in light and a high rarefied atmosphere than those of any other songstress that he can think of. Emma Nevada produces the effect of fairy vocalization. Her voice is light, supple and brilliant as Indian muslin. It has great strength while seeming flimsy, and she is gifted with sensibility. Jenny Lind was highly intellectual, and if ever the *sens philosophique* was developed in a lyric artist it was in her. She saw the truth, loved it and lived in it; had an instinctive aversion to the gewgaws and shams of life, and abhorred charlatanism. I knew very well Roger, who accompanied her as a tenor in her Irish, Scotch and Continental tours, and sang with her before Queen Victoria and many other royal personages at Coblentz, on the occasion of Her Majesty's first visit to Germany. The illustrious auditory was entranced. But their adulation had no more effect in disturbing the head of the cantatrice than a down-pour of rain on the plumage of a duck. She felt thankful for her vocal gift as a source of pleasure to herself and others and as a means to an end which she kept steadily in view: retirement to private life with means that would enable her to indulge in the affections of the heart and to afford keeping up a beautiful garden. Her stage wardrobe was very simple. She also dressed simply when she went to sing at concerts, preferring a plain velvet dress, with a lace berthe and diamond brooch to any other toilet. The poetic sentiment was highly developed in her. I am told that she still sings sweetly and that her voice is often heard in Putney Church. The high notes are all gone. But the medium register is yet mellifluous. She shuns publicity and is rich in good works. One of the blessings which heaven vouchsafed to her was to enable her to rise high in her profession without pushing or intriguing.

WAIFS AND STRAYS OF HUMANITY.

HOW THEY ARE TAKEN IN AND CARED FOR.

THE DEMAND FOR ADOPTION—PREFERRED TO LEGITIMATE CHILDREN.

"What becomes of the little unfortunates?" the matron of a charitable institution was asked the other day by a reporter.

"I suppose you refer to the children that become entirely our charge—the genuine foundlings that are left on the Asylum steps at night, as Jean Rousseau used to do with his offspring, or the little ones surrendered to us by their mothers. Oh, the most of them are adopted There is little trouble in finding good homes for them. The demand generally exceeds the supply. Of course we are very particular about letting them go. In all cases we have to be fully satisfied that the applicants are the proper persons to bring up the children before they can be taken from here, and then we keep a constant oversight of them afterward. But it is not often that they get into bad hands, so seldom, indeed, that I think I may say their lot is a far happier one than that of thousands of children brought up by their own parents."

"But," it was asked, "does not the fact of their being illegitimate act as an obstacle in procuring them adoption?"

"By no means. Why, it is much more difficult to get a legitimate child adopted than one that is known to have been born out of wedlock. The reasons for this are quite apparent. There is little likelihood of a waif of this sort ever being hunted up afterward, while a lawful child may become heir to property which will make it the object of a most exhaustive search. Those who adopt children are usually people having no children of their own, and intend to bring up the little one as their own son or daughter in every respect. Hence they do not want to run any risk of its being taken from them when it has become almost part of themselves. This is not likely to happen in the case of a child whose existence its relatives are anxious to conceal. Then again children of this class are generally healthier and handsomer than those of the other. Just step in here a moment."

The reporter was ushered into a class-room where some fifty little ones were performing calisthenic exercises to the piano's lively music. They were not attired in any regulation charity suit, but mostly dressed like other children. Their faces glowed with health and their eyes sparkled with excitement. Some of them were positively beautiful, and altogether they were as an attractive a group as one could wish to see. On the features of more than one was seen unmistakable traces of good lineage.

"They are certainly as happy as any children could be," he remarked.

"And why not?" rejoined their ardent protectress. "They are far better taken care of than the average child is, and certainly they are as pure as any. The sin their parents committed does not rest upon them. So people think who come to adopt them and so the world is beginning to believe. Else how could society receive certain persons whose infancy is supposed, if not positively known, to have been spent in places of this character?"

"Are not their parents usually of the lower classes?"

"The majority of those who come here are house servants and working girls. Many of them have been betrayed under promise of marriage, many by their employers, and we have had cases where the unfortunate girl has been turned out of doors by a mistress whose son had caused her ruin. Yes, the recourse of the law is open to them, but the poor things shrink from the publicity incidental to such a step. They are not hardened criminals, you see, but innocent young women despite their one transgression, and their main desire is to get away out of the sight and knowledge of all that know them. Few can imagine the agony they endure. Disowned by their own people and cast off by almost everybody, no wonder so many seek refuge in the rivers, or did before such institutions as this were established, for there has been a marked decrease in the number of suicides and infanticides of late years in this city."

"Of what nationality are the majority of these young women?"

"Irish and German, but that is only because those two races are more numerous in New-York than any other foreign race. A great many Swedes also come, but few Americans, Scotch, French or Italians."

"Do they usually reform?"

"Yes, indeed; it is exceptional when they do not. Then the punishment is severe and usually sufficient for a lifetime. They leave here sadder and wiser, and as I said, it is very, very rare that we hear of them falling the second time. We secure employment for them with those whose influence will be promotive of their good and who are able to assist them intelligently, knowing what they passed through. Often they retain possession of the child, and it acts as a barrier to keep them from wrong-doing. In brief, we do all that can be done to correct a terrible misstep, but, of course, we cannot undo the past."

A bashful young man who was afraid to propose to his sweetheart, induced her to fire at him with a pistol, which he assured her was only loaded with powder, and after she had done so fell down and pretended to be dead. She threw herself wildly upon the body, calling him her darling and her beloved, whereupon he got up and married her.—[Americus (Ga.) Republican.

TALES FROM THE CAPITAL.

HOW CONGRESSMEN GET LEFT—A PAYMASTER'S VENGEANCE.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

WASHINGTON, July 18.—The average Congressman who wishes to remain in his seat for a second term has to be very careful about everything he says and does. Every act of his is watched and commented upon as it suits their purposes by political opponents and by rivals in his own party. The slightest and most trivial causes have resulted in the failure of men to secure nominations in their districts. It would make interesting reading if one could recall off-hand the ludicrous incidents and grotesque devices which have been resorted to to compass the defeat of political enemies.

There is, for instance, the case of Stockslager, of Indiana. He offered a resolution in the House providing for an appropriation of $5,000, I believe, to build stables for the use of the House and the Washington post-office. The resolution was a perfectly proper one. The Senate has its own stable; why not the House? The House pays now about $14,000 every year for livery and the hire of horses. The building of a stable would have been a saving of money. But somebody out in his district got hold of the resolution and denounced poor Stockslager for squandering the people's money and being willing to have Congressmen keep their horses at public expense. As everybody knows, of course, who cared to inform himself, the horses and wagons are required in the distribution of the immense daily mail and the tons of public documents addressed to every Congressman. Of keeping private horses at public expense there could not be any question. But the cry of squandering the people's money, once raised, finished Stockslager.

Another very curious feature of Congressional life is that the men who are placed on the Committee for the District of Columbia rarely come back after they have once served on that committee. The reason for this is plain enough. The committee practically governs the District. It is a kind of small legislature. Every measure for improvement or expense has to be submitted for its approval. Its powers are autocratic, almost. It is a very busy committee. Those serving on it rarely get time enough to attend to the wants of their constituents. The latter come to find that out quickly enough. Before long they argue: "Well, Jones has no time to do anything for us. He is engrossed in his work for the District of Columbia. It would be better perhaps to send some one else to represent us." And straightway Jones finds himself relieved.

Mr. Carlisle showed his good sense when he appointed Barbour, of Virginia, to be chairman of this committee. Barbour's Congressional district adjoins the District of Columbia. Being so close to his home when in the capital he is not likely to forget the wants of his constituents.

One of the most ludicrous events during the XLVth Congress was the conspiracy of a number of very fat Congressmen to secure an elevator in the Capitol building. It cost several of the gentlemen engaged in this conspiracy their political life. There were "Nick" Muller, of New-York; Martin, of Delaware; Heilman, of Indiana; Klotz, of Pennsylvania, and others. Each weighed in the neighborhood of 300 pounds. Naturally they did not relish going up and down the stairs of the Capitol twenty times a day, especially after every visit to the restaurant in the basement where they got their doses of "Congressional tea." So they said among themselves, "Let us have elevators." A proper bill was immediately drawn appropriating $7,500 for the purpose of building an elevator in the House end of the Capitol. There was a good deal of quiet laughter at the expense of the fat men when the bill was first introduced, and a good deal of good-natured chaffing. It did not pass the XLVth Congress, but became a law in the course of the Congress following. It proved a nail in the political coffin of each of the members engaged in the transaction, and the prompt death, politically, of at least one of them, Klotz. He was a good-natured, jolly old fellow, weighing, I should say, in the neighborhood of 350 pounds, and he had been very eloquent in his support of the measure. He was generally liked and deserved a better fate. He is still known as Santa-Klotz, which, I take it, is a very honorable nickname.

At any rate poor Santa-Klotz, after having secured the passage of his pet bill, returning to his home found himself confronted with quite a different name, viz., that of Elevator-Klotz. The opposition paper in his district came out with a large cut representing him in the act of stepping into an elevator, and underneath were the words: "Wouldn't it be wiser for the people of this district to send some lighter person to Congress than the present Representative, who requires $7,500 of the people's money to ascend to the halls of the National Legislature?" It killed Santa-Klotz and he has not been heard of since, politically. I saw him the other day at Willard's, the shadow of his former self.

He seemed to weigh but 250 pounds.

He looked cross and sour.

Poor Santa-Klotz!

A paymaster in the Navy gave me the following account of the difficulties he had to encounter in the discharge of his official duties while stationed with his vessel on the Pacific coast.

It must have been about twelve or thirteen years ago. The captain had been ordered to go down to Guaymas, Mexico. Juarez was then President. The uprisings in the provinces and the revolutionary movements of disappointed politicians were as frequent as showers during the rainy season. Arriving at Guaymas the paymaster found himself short of cash. The funds on hand consisted principally of bills of exchange. How to dispose of them to advantage was the question. At that time the law of Mexico imposed an export duty of 8 per cent on all coin above $100 in value taken out of the country. To evade the payment of this duty he called on the Collector of the Port and asked for the privilege of being permitted to cash his bills of exchange without the customary deduction of 8 per cent.

"I represented it to the Collector in the light of an international courtesy," said my informant, "as an act of comity between two friendly nations. But would you believe it, though such privileges had been granted to other nations before, this man for some unaccountable reason—I suppose he waited to be offered some inducement—would not accede to my request. He point blank refused to make any concessions. That same night I had offers from at least half a dozen merchants in town to smuggle the money on board for 3 per cent. I consulted the captain. He thought it would not be exactly right to have a charge of 3 per cent for such a purpose appear in the accounts, especially as he had no authority for concluding such a bargain.

"'But,' added he, 'if I ever have an opportunity to pay back that Collector for his scurvy behavior I'll do it, you may rest assured of that.' To make a long story short, we had to get away from Guaymas because we had to have money. We went down the coast to Manzanilla. When we arrived there we found the town in the hands of the insurgents. I had no difficulty to get my bills cashed, because, as you can imagine, the rebel Collector was only too glad to do something to spite the regular Government. We remained at Manzanilla about three weeks when one fine day an order arrived for us to return to Guaymas. We did so in hot haste.

"On our arrival we found that since our departure the place had fallen into the hands of the insurgents. It was about 1 o'clock in the morning when we cast anchor in the bay. The harbor watch had been set and everybody had turned in when a boat containing three men, one woman and a trunk was seen to approach the ship. Two of the men were fishermen, evidently. The other man and the woman looked like people of means. The man said he was a refugee. He had been hiding in the swamps near the shore three days and three nights. The insurgents had set a price on his head. He wished to beg the protection of the United States flag for himself and his wife.

"The captain had retired and was sound asleep. The lieutenant of the watch was unwilling to assume the responsibility of taking the couple on board. After much parleying, however, they were finally allowed to come on deck and a message was sent to the captain's cabin. The captain got up, sent for me, and together we went aft to take a look at the couple. Who should it turn out to be, when a lantern was brought, but our friend the Collector and his wife! It didn't take the captain long to make up his mind.

"'You get back to your swamp as quickly as you came,' he said. 'I'll let the woman and the trunk stay on board.' The man begged long and hard but to no effect. The captain was obdurate. He insisted upon the man leaving the ship, and to get into his boat and out for the swamp before daylight broke did not take the ex-Collector long, I assure you. I don't know what became of him. His wife remained with us for two or three days and then went ashore. I never heard of her afterward.

"There was at that time great difficulty for foreign ships to get their bills of exchange cashed on account of the heavy export duty on coin. One English man-of-war, however, got around it by sending the crew on shore in detachments, under a guard of marines, so as to prevent their escaping, and getting their money in lots of $99 each. They were at it a whole night. As soon as a boat load of men would arrive on shore they would each be given a bag containing $99 and accompanied on either side by marines they would be marched back. Of course we would not do anything so undignified."

HE LOST CONFIDENCE IN HIS MEN.

From The Philadelphia News.

Ex-Congressman Gunter was, during the war, a proud and impressive officer. He was not afraid of the enemy and never sought a chance of keeping out of harm's way, but it was a well-known fact that the clanking panoply and turkey-gobbler strut of war was to him quite as interesting as the gleam of the bayonet or the "cannon's opening roar." In January, 1863, Gunter marched his men from the Northwest down to the capital city. While the men were halted on the opposite bank of the river Gunter went over into town, and while there became acquainted with several young ladies. In the presence of these ladies he decided to make an impressive show, and he told them to stand upon the hotel balcony, to be cheered by his troops as they passed.

"Now, boys," said Gunter, when he had gone back to his men, "when you cross over I want you to march just as gracefully as you possibly can. A party of ladies will be standing on the balcony. When I take off my hat and shout, 'Three cheers for the ladies of Little Rock, Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy,' you must all cheer."

The men were not in a cheering humor. They had marched through many miles of snow. The peacock feather to them, while it might have been picturesque, possessed not that great charm which lurks around a loaf of bread and a place to sit down. Just before arriving opposite the hotel, on the balcony of which the ladies stood, one of the officers said: "Boys, we's got enough of this foolishness. Don't open your mouth. Pass it along the line." The word was passed along. Gunter took off his hat, waved it and exclaimed: "Three cheers for the ladies of Little Rock, Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy!" The men were marching in the most zigzag and slatternly manner. No one cheered. Gunter "ducked" his head and breathed an oath as long as a plough line. Shortly after the soldiers passed the hotel a yellow dog ran into the street. Then the men yelled. Gunter raved. Standing upon his stirrups he exclaimed: "Oh, yes, dang you! You can't cheer a party of ladies, but you can cheer a dang yaller dog, dang you!" Never afterward did Gunter place so much confidence in his men.